THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

SUPPLEMENT

to Vol. 45, for the Year 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. A DAY AT AN INN.
2. A VIEW of CHRIST-CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

asking any questions, endeavoured to soothe my perturbed spirits. I pointed to the table, on which lay Lord Malcombe's letter and the note I had just written to you. He perused the letter, while I stood lost in my own reflexions, till a half-suppressed exclamation roused me—I turned to Mr. Hamilton—in a moment every thing relative to myself was forgotten. I saw the paper tremble in his hand—I perceived the muscles of his face relax. I ran to him—he eagerly grasped my arm. "My heart beats quick," cried he, "but give me that picture, Middleton. Does not his lordship say it is the resemblance of your mother?"

I gave it to him, and, the moment he fixed his eyes on it, he exclaimed. "The very features of my Maria!" Then, hastily pressing a secret spring, that had escaped my observation, a small plate of gold appeared, on which was engraved the name of Maria Hamilton. The miniature now dropped from his nerveless hand, and his head fell upon my shoulder, while he said in broken accents: "Have I then found thee, oh my son?" Thrice he raised his eyes to Heaven, and thrice he invoked the shade of his Maria to look down on her husband and child. But these are situations and sensations which no description can do justice to—no imagery, however forcible, can convey the least idea of them. I will leave to your imagination, Sydney, the scene that ensued, as well as that which passed between my second parent, the most beloved and revered of men; who fondly pressed me in his feeble arms, and prayed for unnumbered blessings on my head. Mr. Hamilton wanted not the confirmation of the papers which contained the name of my nurse. These, however, proved the same as the woman who had eloped, the date of the year and my age were all corroborating circumstances to prove that I really was his son; and nature, more powerful then any testimony whatever, had, he stated, made me a very interesting object to him ever since he had seen me. How forcible are the pleadings of nature, and how various the emotions she excites! Nor can I account for those strange sensations, that affected me on the first sight of the Laird of Caulderwood. From the same cause originated those tumultuous feelings, when I was introduced to Mr. Hamilton. And now, Sydney, mayst thou well say—has not my proud heart attained the summit of its wishes? Am I not related, in the nearest ties of consanguinity, to two persons, who, in point of descent, fortune, and every moral excellence, the greatest of our English lords might think it an honor to be allied to? Yes, Sydney, my heart is gratefully sensible for this unexpected, this unmerited good fortune; and must be ever truly sensible of the generosity of Lord Malcombe, in giving me an education not unworthy the son of Mr. Hamilton. And you, even you, Sydney, can now approve of my attachment to Miss Lenox. You tell me that you have lately seen her, and that the tidings of my good fortune had so operated on your heart, that you could discover almost as many charms in this lovely woman as I had done. You say, too, that you believe her to be at present disengaged, and that you have not a doubt, but she has reserved her heart for the heir of the Laird of Caulderwood. Like the generality of mankind, amid the prosperity that flows upon me, can you, my friend, turn flatterer; you, who with such a cynical severity, have condemned my attachment? But I know you well. Your friendship to me sprung

from the purest generosity of sentiment, a friendship I shall ever warmly cherish while I have existence. Yes, Sydney, I now look forward with the transporting hope, that Miss Lenox will constitute the pride, and pleasure of my future life. My father gives his sanction to these warm wishes, and tells me that, among the many lovely English young women, with whom he became acquainted during his residence at Lord Beaumont's, Miss Lenox was to him by far the most pleasing; nay, he has often sighed, and wished it had pleased Heaven to have spared his son, for then how happy would it have made him, to have promoted an union between him and his admired Matilda. This tender father, anxious for the happiness of his son, has already written to Lord Granville, and made proposals for an alliance with his daughter. Oh Sydney, dare I encourage the transporting idea of being inseparably united to her I have so long and tenderly loved? Yet I must not owe this inestimable blessing to the negotiation between our parents. I would wish to be beloved as the son of her valued La Roche; but, to be completely happy, I must also know that I was not quite indifferent to her, when she knew me as the humble Harry Middleton. In a letter I have ventured to make known to her all my hopes, all my fears, I know the mind of Miss Lenox well. Open, generous, and sincere, she will make no scruple, of revealing her sentiments to one, who has, ever since he knew her, been entirely attached to her. I wait impatiently, therefore, for the return of our courier, as on the answer I receive depends my peace of mind. Should Miss Lenox prove averse to my wishes, what a hard task shall I have to erase her image from my mind! I will fly to Ellen Bruce for consolation. When I see her, mild, patient, and resigned, while sinking under the injuries she has met with; shall I not bear with more composure my disappointment? And I swear to you, Sydney, that if Matilda will not be mine, I would rather wed this poor pale patient being than the brightest beauty that ornaments the court of our gracious king. By kindness and attention I would convince her that all men were not like her false colonel; and she in time, by the irresistible softness of her manner, would make me forget the blooming Matilda. But Ellen's mind is of too high a cast ever to form an engagement again with mankind. You ask how Fortescue and the pretty Highlander go on. They are come to a right understanding, and things are in train; to the great joy of Mrs. Gordon, who, I believe, secretly prays for the dissolution of my grandfather, that she may hasten to England, and connect herself as soon as possible with nobility.

The packet is arrived from England—all is as I wish—Miss Lenox has condescended to answer my letter—I am too much elevated to write soberly. Adieu, therefore, Sydney.—Your thrice happy HAMILTON.

To Philip Sydney, Esq.

The Laird of Caulderwood, my friend, my grand-father is no more. May the last moments of those he has left behind, be like his! They were peaceful and easy—he expired without a groan in my arms. My father and I devoted a few days to reflection and solitude in the hermitage. You cannot conceive what a change the death of an enfeebled old man has made in this place. We cannot now view it with any degree of pleasure—we shall therefore leave it as soon as possible—that is when

the necessary arrangements are settled. The poor worn out domestics cannot long survive their beloved master. This will be a comfortable retreat for them to end their days in, and my father has provided amply for their maintenance. After their demise, M'Leod and his wife will take possession of the hermitage, and it is to continue in his family: M'Leod is to resign his farm to my man Arthur, who has just married his grand-daughter. I would also have provided, in his own country, for my young companion, whose mellow tones have afforded me so much pleasure; but he begs that I will take him to England with me, as the greatest happiness he wishes for is to be in my service. He is a very worthy lad, and so strongly attached to me, that I shall be very happy to have him with me. Old Donald, though passionately fond of his own country, is still fonder of Lord Malcombe and his son—he will therefore, return with us, and end his days in that family. Mrs. Gordon's affairs have long been settled; so that there will be no impediment, on her side, to our speedily leaving this country. I have some visits to pay to several hospitable gentlemen in Inverness and its environs, whose polite attentions I shall ever remember with the most grateful respect; and whose civilities I should have mentioned, had I not confined my correspondence to local circumstances, in which I was more nearly interested. Notwithstanding the flattering prospects which await me on the other side of the Tweed, I cannot leave Scotland without feeling a pang; and I should be a most unfeeling being if I did. The time I have spent there has been a most eventful period to me. I went thither an orphan, without the smallest claim to protection. I had received a liberal education. My mind, a proud one, was more oppressed by the favours heaped upon me, and which I had no prospect of ever returning, than elated with the advantages which my introduction into life had given me. I came into this country with a determination to reduce my sentiments more to a level with my birth. I leave it, Sydney, the only heir of a man of ancient family, whose fortune will place me in a conspicuous situation, which will give to me the heart-felt satisfaction of mitigating (as far as money will mitigate) the sorrows of many of the sons, and daughters of adversity. It is with still deeper regret I leave behind me the lieutenant, and his amiable sister. No persuasions can prevail on them to accompany us, though Mr. Hamilton made every proposal which he thought could touch their affections. "Why must we be separated dear lieutenant? The world has not always smiled upon us. Let us not now turn our back upon it, and journey down the hill of life together. You shall have a cottage, lieutenant, in as retired a corner as you please, where no one shall visit you but I and mine. Will it not be a pleasure to see your young soldier in his martial habiliments? And you too, my my Ellen—dwell not so far from those who love you, and who are attached to your gentle virtues." I joined my entreaties with my father's, but it would not do. I told Ellen that I would introduce her to a kindred mind. I described to her the graces of my Matilda.

"Forbear, forbear!" cried the softened girl. "I would die to add to your happiness, but I must not see your Matilda. Her virtues, her innocence, would too forcibly remind me of what I have lost for ever."

"Say not so, my Ellen," replied I. "Your graces and your virtues,

never shone so brightly as now. I could not make my Matilda so valuable a present, as the friendship of such a being."

Time, however has attached them so firmly to this place, that they cannot bear the thoughts of quitting it. My father has done every thing they would permit him to do, for their convenience and comfort. Some few of what they call luxuries are introduced into their apartment—a well toned instrument for Ellen, who is fond of music—and a few military books for the lieutenant. Mr. Hamilton has also procured the serjeant's discharge and settled him, to his infinite satisfaction, with his honored friends. He has purchased a spot of ground, too, not only to supply employment for the serjeant, but that he may have the pleasure of raising vegetables for his beloved lady, who hardly eats any thing else; and, as both the lieutenant and his serjeant love smoking, my father will take care they shall have some good wines to moisten their pipes. When I have the happiness of calling Miss Lenox mine, I have promised to bring her with Albert to see them.

By Lord Granville's particular desire, Lenox Abbey is to be the place of general rendezvous. There Lord Malcombe and his son will attend to meet the man, who is under such infinite obligation to them—there Lord Beaumont will receive his beloved La Roche, and his new found son—there, too, he will meet his own happy son, and the beloved of his son's heart, the blooming Isabella, with her mother—and there, too, I shall see Miss Lenox, my adored Matilda. My head grows giddy at the prospect of the happiness that awaits me, and every pulse beats quick with rapture. And you, Sydney, the chosen friend of my heart, who were the last of his English friends that bade adieu to Harry Middleton, will, I trust, be among the first to welcome—The fortunate HAMILTON.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The HERMIT *of* MOUNT TAURUS.
An Eastern Tale.

WHAT-time the sun was sinking behind the Atlantic Isles, some travellers were ascending towards the summit of Mount Taurus, that "rears its head above the storm," presenting to the eye from its rugged and inhospitable pinacle the Black Sea, to the north, with Constantinople situated on its seven hills rising above each other; to the east the Caspian Sea; to the south the Lake Rouni towards Ispahan; and the River Euphrates that empties itself into the Persian Gulf. To the west, the view extends to Scanderoon, Aleppo, Syria, and the Islands of the Mediterranean Sea, which display, from their beautifully cultivated shores, all the elegance of art, blended with the grandeur, and magnificence of nature. They then pursued their journey towards the summit of the mountain; but, clouds gathering, and being overtaken by the shades of night, they sought some place of shelter, and, after clambering for some time among the acclivities of the rock, they discovered a glimmering light among the trees. Advancing towards it they found that it came from a hermitage, the venerable possessor of which received them with eastern hospitality, though unable to entertain them with eastern magnificence. After they had refreshed themseves with various fruits, which the generous hermit supplied, they enquired, with delicate curiosity, what could induce a man, whose manners, and

conversation seemed formed for politer scenes, to pass his days in so solitary, and unfrequented a region.

"Solitude indeed," answered the old man, "but in which, I find a peaceful seclusion from the bustle, and impertinence of public life, the sphere of my early days. I was the son of a wealthy bassa, whose fortune I inherited, with which I settled, in the city of Ispahan, where I was soon surrounded by a new set of acquaintance, whom the fame of my riches had brought together; all wishing to trade with one, whose vineyards clothed the mountains, and whose ships gladdened the seas, while his caravans conveyed to every port the riches of Cairo, Suez, and Damascus. But my affluence was of short duration. Storms crushed my vineyards, and swallowed my ships; till, tired of hopes which were ever disappointed, and fears which were constantly fulfilled, I quitted the tumultuous scene for this mountain. The fruits, supplied by its woods, furnish my repast, and for me an adjacent fountain is more than sufficient. The water issues from a cleft in the rock, and runs into a bason scooped by the hand of Nature, where it spreads into a clear expanse, yet constantly flowing over, then steals on the other side, through another crevice of the rock, where it sinks, and is seen no more. The mountain daily presents me with some object of contemplation. In the forest, that crowns its summit and which is often torn with tempests, I behold the troubles, that sometimes attend an exalted station. The torrent, rushing from its brow, and from crag to crag into the valley beneath, reminds me that we may fall from the most elevated sphere over the asperities of adversity to the vale of oblivion. In the expanded and peaceful lake, that spreads itself at the foot of the mountain, I behold the calm sequestration, which I now enjoy.—But see, the sun begins to illume the eastern ocean. You may now safely pursue your journey. Live as Nature directs, and Reason approves—you will then remember with pleasure the advice of the aged Hermit of Mount Taurus."

E. T.

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 559.)

Mervil easily traced Mr. Dupont from his banker's; and late in the evening reached Cavendish square.

Mr. Dupont perceived in the animated features of Mr. Mervil, a strong resemblance of his father, and, while contemplating the living image of his departed friend, recalled a thousand circumstances which Time had obliterated.

Roused from his reverie by the voice of Frances, he joined Mrs. Mervil in a conversation, which explained her visit to the marquis.

Change of scene, and the rectitude of her own heart, soon restored Marina to that composure, which the sudden appearance of Mervil had interrupted, and, when accosted by Tudway on the Esplanade, she was able to answer his enquiries with firmness. He was unattended, and this idea gave her resolution.

Tudway marked the alteration, and conviction instantly flashed upon him with a painful certainty.

"What an egregious blockhead have I been!" exclaimed he mentally. "Was it possible for her to be insensible to the worth of Mervil! Fool that I was to deceive myself!"

These reflections were accompanied by a resolution to leave Weymouth instantly. He had no sooner formed the plan than he put it in execution. Slightly bowing to Marina, and her party, he flew to the inn, ordered

a chaise, reached London, and on the evening of the following day, called in Cavendish Square.

Lord Delafonte's carriage was at the door—he asked for Mrs. Mervil, and was immediately introduced.

Mrs. Mervil appeared greatly agitated,—she pressed the offered hand of Tudway, with emotion, and was going to speak; when the words of Lord Delafonte, as he quitted the house, arrested their mutual attention.

"Though admiring the spirit, which braves the power of the marquis, I lament Captain Mervil, its probable effects on your interest. Your refusal to see him may occasion a litigation; consider the disposition you have to cope with!"—"It is that consideration, my lord," answered Mervil with warmth, "which renders me inflexible. Shall I bow to the hand, that crushed my father? No," continued he with energy, "let me rather descend to the ranks, than owe my fortune to such debasing conditions."

Lord Delafonte saw this was no time for reasoning, and took his leave.

The mind of Mervil was wound up to the highest pitch. The injuries of his father rose in remembrance. Unable to command his feelings he took his hat, and, without speaking a word, walked into the square.

Tudway, after pacifying the fears of Mrs. Mervil, joined him, and, with much entreaty, brought him to the former's lodgings.

They were no sooner seated than Tudway, in order to divert his thoughts, gave him an account of his reception at Weymouth, and his motives for leaving it.

"Why speak of Marina?" uttered Mervil pettishly.

Tudway was silent, and certain sensations, which had stolen upon himself during the short period he was in Cavendish Square, convinced him that the transition from friendship to love was perfectly natural.

Mervil, in whom reflection was habitual, benefited by an interval, which the taciturnity of Tudway so happily favored, and, after weighing the consequences of a law suit, he determined to sell his commission, and enter as a volunteer, rather than submit to his uncle.

Satisfied with the propriety of this conclusion, his composure returned, and, after asking Tudways' pardon for his peevish behaviour, he revived the subject which his exclamation had interrupted.

"Let us have a bottle," said Tudway, big with the important discovery, and immediately ordered supper. The cloth was quickly removed, and a bumper, to the health of Lady Macduff, prepared Mervil for his intelligence,

As Tudway proceeded, the countenance of Mervil underwent many changes; and when he concluded, he asked his friend, with some degree of hesitation, whether he thought Lady Macduff really liked her lord?

"I do not" replied Tudway; but discretion so guarded every avenue to her feelings that, till my late excursion, I thought her a willing victim.—She is the dupe of her father's avarice, and, while the wife of another, cherishes a passion, which, if known to the marquis, would torture him to madness."

Mervil, gratified by the supposition, eagerly said—"I dare not admit the idea. Honor, and principle forbid the indulgence of a hope, so injurious to her peace. May she be happy; and in the rectitude of her intentions, find that tranquillity, which a compliance so fatal has endangered!" "What a philosopher you are!" cried Tudway. How

many young fellows would glory in such an opportunity of recriminating on the marquis!"

"The spotless character of Marina," interrupted Mervil gravely, "must not be sported with. Marriage is a tie which human sophistry cannot dissolve, and whether the heart accompanies the engagement or not, its obligations are equally sacred, and equally binding."

The morality of Mervil was pure and enlightened—it admitted of no qualifying plea for human depravity. If weakness was the apology of one sex, it enhanced the criminality of the other; and if man was to be the slave of his passions, where was his superiority?

"Why, levelled with the dust, from whence it sprung," answered Tudway, "but I fear your theory is too sublime for practice. At least memory gives me such a confounded twinge, that I involuntarily pronounced your system impracticable." The watchman reminding them of the lateness of the hour, they parted.

As Mervil walked home, his imagination dwelt with secret pleasure on the certainty of Marina's indifference to his friend, and though determined never to see her, the recollection of her preference afforded him more real pleasure than he had experienced for many months. As he entered the parlour, this idea accompanied him, and gave to his expressive features a satisfaction, which silenced the fears of Mrs. Mervil.

To a plain exterior, and mild deportment, Mr. Dupont united a dignity of sentiment, which justified the confidence of Colonel Mervil; and to much mercantile information he added a general knowledge of men and manners. He had observed the placidity of Mervil; but as he only spoke on indifferent subjects, forbore to make any enquiries.

The next morning Mervil informed them of his determination, and gave to his filial prejudices so bright a coloring, that Mr. Dupont, affected by his manly reasoning, relaxed in his arguments.—Just as the conversation ended, Tudway entered.

The humour of Tudway was characterised by a vanity, which delighted Mr. Dupont; who discerned, under this motley veil, a heart replete with many virtues.

The affectionate attention he paid to Mrs. Mervil, his brotherly attachment to Frances, and enthusiastic regard for Mervil, indicated a mind rich in social propensities.—To this observation was added a secret wish that Frances might one day possess his undivided affection. The marriage of Lady Macduff favored his object; but the present appearance of depression excited a momentary suspicion.—Ashamed of his own caprice, which he blushed personally to acknowledge, Tudway resolved to leave town, and communicate by letter to Mervil the revolution in his sentiments.—He had called on Mr. Dupont, for the purpose of taking leave, as he venerated the virtues of this worthy man, before he saw him; and, on further acquaintance, the admiration increased.

Mervil opposed the intended journey: the indecision of Tudway was noticed by Mr. Dupont, who urged his continuance in town by an inducement, which he knew would secure his acquiescence; and Tudway, flattered by his attention, readily availed himself of the kind suggestion.

Mr. Dupont spared no expence, that wealth could purchase. Liberal as he was rich, he presented Frances with every decoration which elegance could devise, or fashion invent—

considering her birth entitled to the most magnificent distinction.

Mrs. Mervil declined going into public, and Mrs. Southland, at her request, *chaperoned* Frances to the play, attended by Captain Mervil, and Mr. Dupont.

Tudway, who had received an invitation to dinner, was prevented from joining them till the play was nearly finished. Mr. Dupont watched every turn of his countenance, and traced in his speaking eye, the acknowledged superiority of Frances, whose grateful symmetry, and elegant simplicity, astonished every fashionable beholder.

When they returned, they were surprised to find Mrs. Mervil absent, but they were no sooner seated, than she returned.

Her absence had been occasioned by a particular request from Lady Macduff to see her before the marquis reached them, whose arrival was expected in a few hours.

The jealousy of Macduff, revived by the appearance of Tudway at Weymouth, hurried his family to town, and accompanied Marina to her father's.

Marina confided to Mrs. Mervil the delicacy of her situation. Sanctioned by the suspicions of Mr. Dupont, Mrs. Mervil informed her that she had nothing to fear.

Released from the dread of his assiduities, Marina did justice to his merit, related his filial warmth, and spirited conduct; concluding with an affectionate wish for their mutual happiness.

The marquis's arrival seemed to damp the spirits of the whole party—Mr. Dupont excepted, who drew a favorable omen, from the invitation that Mrs. Mervil and Frances should meet him at dinner the next day, at Lord Macduff's.

"I would have declined it," said Mrs. Mervil, "but Marina pressed it so earnestly, that I could not refuse her."

Mr. Dupont and Mervil sat some time after the family were retired to rest; and, in the course of conversation, Mervil introduced the strange metamorphose of his friend.

"My sister," continued he laughing, "is no longer the rural peablossom of Dean Wood, but a beautiful exotic, whose fragrance he distantly inhales."

"Your countenance is wanting," replied Mr. Dupont, "to encourage his timidity. You know my objection—his recent attachment."

"Even if hope existed, I would answer for his preference."

"Does not your partiality render you too sanguine?"

"My decision is prompted by the merit of Frances; but if you are averse to the match, I will discountenance his visits."

"By no means. It is an union of all other most congenial to my wishes; and, when assured of his constancy, you may command my consent."

They then agreed to take no notice, till Tudway declared himself.

When Mrs. Mervil and Frances reached Lord Macduff's, the marquis had just parted from Lord Delafonte.

"Your son is in town I find, madam," said he, rather haughtily.

"He is, my lord," answered Mrs. Mervil.

"Does he wait for an invitation?"

Mrs. Mervil was silent.

"Had he known his duty, he would have called upon me."

At this speech, recollection, with all its aggravating circumstances, crimsoned the cheek of Mrs. Mervil; and, with more warmth than was natural to her, she replied: "Has your lordship forgotten your former prohibition?"

The marquis colored. He re-

membered too well the period she alluded to, when, instigated by jealousy, he penned that unfeeling billet, which, in terms of absolute interdiction, prevented Colonel Mervil from attempting an interview.

She had touched a key, whose discordant sound conscience re-echoed.

He paced the room with hurried step, and muttered to himself (but loud enough to be over heard) "Insolent, impertinent!"

The dignity of Mrs. Mervil was offended, and she rose to depart. Marina now interposed, and her entreaties, joined to the distress of Frances, softened the agitated marquis.—He approached Mrs. Mervil, and made an apology.

Resolved that this should be the last time they ever met, she resumed her seat.

The dinner passed in gloomy silence, and, as soon as the cloth was removed, Marina, with Mrs. Mervil, and Frances, withdrew.

The marquis after a few minutes took his leave. Lord Macduff joined the party in the drawing-room, and, by his civility to Mrs. Mervil, prevailed on her to stay the evening, assuring her the marquis would not return.

Mr. Dupont, Mervil, and Tudway, dined by appointment at Lord Delafonte's; who, as soon as the ladies retired, informed Captain Mervil, that the marquis no longer disputed his title to the marchioness's estate.

This unconditional confirmation of his friend's independence, operated on the spirits of Tudway, with its usual effect. No longer grave, silent, or absent, he quaffed bumper after bumper, till, heated by the enlivening potion, and, unmindful of Lord Delafonte's presence, he exclaimed, with increased animation: "If that cursed shilling did not stick in my throat, and prevent the unnatural libation, I could almost drink a bumper to the health of the marquis." Lord Delafonte was too liberal to notice his warmth;—and, by way of turning the subject, toasted Lady Macduff.

"She is an excellent woman," said Tudway, filling his glass.

"And a beautiful one, you once thought Mr. Tudway."

"So I do now, my lord, but only to mention her as such does not do justice to my present feelings. I revere her character, and honor her mental exertions."

This unimpassioned tribute to the worth of Lady Macduff, though perfectly accordant with his own ideas, surprised Lord Delafonte, and he was pondering on its meaning, when Tudway's confused answer to Mr. Dupont's query, whether he had seen Frances that morning, at once explained what he wished to know.

Lady Delafonte sent to request their company in the drawing-room, and to inform Mr. Tudway that Lady Blandise had enquired for him.

He laughed at the conceit of her ladyship's astonishment, when he introduced Mr. Dupont as a Creole of immense wealth, splendid establishment, and elegant hospitality. "Bless me!" she will increduously articulate. "How you enumerate!"

As soon as they entered the room, Tudway immediately joined Lady Blandise, and, in a whisper, conveyed to her the extent of Mr. Dupont's consequence. "According to your elucidation," observed her ladyship, "he must be the Crœsus of the west."

Tudway, having given her a subject, slipped away.

No one being near, Lord Delafonte questioned Mr. Dupont on Tudway's apparent confusion, when his cousin was mentioned; but as

Mr. Dupont had no information to give, his lordship continued:

"The marquis will never consent."

Respect for Lord Delafonte prevented his reply, and the entrance of more company separated them; affording Mr. Dupont the opportunity of examining a circle, whose brilliancy was strikingly contrasted by his own appearance.

In walking round the room he perceived his sister, closely engaged in conversation with Tudway. As she was in his confidence, he purposely avoided them.

Neglect had marked her union with Mr. Southland; yet she retained her vivacity, and lived a respectable instance of patience unsubdued, and affection undiminished. At his decease she resolved to remain single, and her conduct honored the determination.

(*To be* concluded *in our next.*)

The Author's Portfolio.

Mistaken Patronage.

(*Continued from page* 565.)

My father, had been enabled by the generosity of Lady Portarlington, to remove from the obscure street, in which we lived at the time of the accident, that first introduced me to her notice; and now occupied a commodious house in Piccadilly, where, with the assistance of an experienced foreman, and my brother William, (who was a smart clever lad) he carried on a genteel and extensive business. My mother had paid the debt of nature above a twelvemonth, and my youngest brother (the only child then remaining) was apprenticed to an oilman in the city.

My father's house being large, he usually let a great part of it; and having at this time a floor unoccupied, I engaged it upon the same terms as another person might have done; boarding with the family, and thus commencing my literary career.—My first attempt was a volume of poems, which I dedicated to my patroness; and for which she procured me a handsome subcription.

So elated was I with this prosperous beginning, that I fancied myself in the high road to wealth, and fame. My father was overjoyed to think that a son of his should be both an author, and a gentleman; while William appeared to be humiliated, and chagrined by the distinction, which was generally made in my favour. I must own, (to my shame) that my affection for my relations was considerably diminished by considering myself so greatly their superior. Though my brother was a worthy youth, and in no respect my inferior as far as regarded natural capacity, I felt myself incapable of enjoying his society; and frequently treated him with a degree of coolness, almost bordering upon contempt; ridiculed his unpolished manners, and sneered at his ignorance, in a manner that evinced my own self conceit, till it caused him at times to feel dissatisfied with a lot, which has eventually proved far happier than mine.—The triumph, which I at first enjoyed in the publication of my poems, was of short duration. The reviews, one and all, condemned my production as puerile trash; and I shrunk beneath their pointed sarcasms into complete insignificance, I hastened to my patroness with tears of mortification in my eyes—and pointed out to her the passages, in which I conceived I had been treated with unmerited severity.—"My dear Edward," said she smiling, "you must not mind these things.—You shall show them that you can do better; and that you have friends, who will support you,

in spite of their attempts to clip your soaring wings."

Thus encouraged I proceeded in my labours with renovated spirits, and produced a work of a more important nature, which I dignified with a most pompous title page; but, before I had completed it, my patroness accompanied her husband to the East Indies. I made application to several persons of distinction who had been subscribers to my poems; but they declined having any thing to do with the present publication, and advised me to sell the copy, which they assured me was, if not the most profitable, at least the most respectable plan. I understood the hints, and offered my manuscript to several booksellers without success. At last I was fortunate enough to obtain a purchaser, but it was at a price far below my expectations. The work, however, was published, and the most extravagant encomiums were lavished on it by the reviewers. I knew not how to interpret this inconsistency; for, in my opinion, their praise on this occasion as much exceeded the merit of the work, as their former censure had depreciated my first efforts.

Perceiving that the profits I was likely to obtain would be inadequate to my present mode of living, I found it necessary to remove to a cheaper lodging, being well aware that my father could, at any time, get a more punctual tenant. Not that he had ever insinuated any thing of the kind; but my brother William began to look upon me with a jaundiced eye, and frequently hinted that it was no great advantage to have a gentleman in the family.—Though I had, by my own arrogance, drawn this reflection upon myself, I was not of a temper to pass it by; and as I did not wish to occasion any discord, I determined upon a speedy removal.—From this time my success was variable, and the whole produce of my labours did not amount to more than thirty pounds a year. Perhaps I might have been content even with this, had not an unfortunate attachment rendered me more anxious to encrease my slender finances, that I might be able to support the woman I loved in some degree of comfort; of which, under the present circumstances, I had no prospect.—The young person I allude to, was the orphan of a naval officer. She had been genteely educated; but was left wholly dependent upon an aged relation, whose income, though more than sufficient for her own wants, was only a life annuity.—The death of my father about this time left me without any resources, but what I might procure by my own exertions. My brother succeeded him in the business, married the daughter of an opulent tradesman, and is rapidly rising in the world: while I, after having been flattered into the belief of possessing extraordinary talents, educated with every advantage, and basking for a-while in the sunshine of prosperity, am now a friendless forlorn object, the prey of discontent, the victim of fruitless exertion, and disappointed hopes.

My attachment to Amelia Villiers now stimulated me to make the most arduous efforts. I regulated my expenses with the strictest economy, and scarcely allowed myself the necessary portion of sleep to recruit my shattered nerves and exhausted frame. After having, for several months, contributed to a respectable periodical work, I thought myself fortunate in obtaining the editorship of it; and commenced the undertaking, with the pleasing expectation of being soon enabled by the profits arising

from the sale of my works, in addition to my settled salary, to realize my fond hopes of an union with my Amelia. But here again I was fated to meet with nothing but disappointment, and mortification. I was not aware that publications of this kind were chiefly supported by voluntary contributions; and my fastidiousness unfortunately offended so many of our correspondents, that it was found necessary for me either to relinquish the employment altogether, or supply the deficiency of copy.—To obviate this inconvenience I was obliged to be less particular in my choice of subjects; but still I found my situation by no means agreeable; for, after laboring assiduously to make some of the badly-spelt illegible scrawls into any thing like common sense, I was reproached by the authors for altering their manuscripts, and threatened with exposure for having neglected pieces, which were in every respect superior to any I had inserted; while on the other hand I was reproached by the proprietors for having suppressed communications, which would have answered their purpose; that I might give room for my own productions through mercenary motives.

Thus irritated and harassed, I determined to resign an office, in which it was impossible to give general satisfaction, whatever might be the consequence; and deeply did I regret that I had not, like my more fortunate brother, been brought up in ignorance of every thing but that, which might have enabled me to obtain a certain livelihood.—I no longer prided myself on the independence of genius, or the advantages of education; for I plainly saw, that the latter only caused me to feel, with acuter poignancy, the evils, which I was unable to surmount; and became perfectly convinced that scarcely any station in life is more truly independent than that of a respectable tradesman.—Depressed in spirits, and embarrassed in circumstances, all my early visions of affluence, fame, and happiness faded from my view—Even under the most pressing difficulties, I was too proud to seek assistance from my more fortunate brother; and as ill health, in addition to my mental sufferings, obliged me to quit the metropolis, I sought to conceal myself and my mortifications under an assumed name.—My story has little in it to interest; but I believe my example may serve to admonish those, who would seek to lead the youthful mind astray, by overrating the early indications of what is commonly called *genius;* but what is more frequently the mere *ignis fatuus* of vivacious imagination, than the steady lamp of intellect. The latter illumes the paths of science; and neither deludes the pursuer into the mazes of error, nor leaves him in the dark, when its light is most needed to guide him through the labyrinth of life.

SWITZERLAND, *as it was in* 1790.

(*Continued from page* 579.)

G. But then the publisher! What does *he* say, when he discovers that your book is a mere copy of a work already printed?

A. Lord! how can you ask such a question? It is easy to perceive that you are not yet an adept—yes! excuse my freedom—that you are yet quite a novice in our trade. Has not every one his own peculiar manner of viewing an object? If Mr. Professor X has viewed the Pissevache on the north side, I view it on the east: if Mr. Professor Y has thought the beauties of Montblanc most conspicuous in an eastern view, I discover its captivating charms in a

south prospect: and surely no man has a right to prevent my doing that! What publisher dares call me a plagiarist for rapturising as sweetly and enthusiastically in an eastern position, as my predecessors have done in a northern? Besides, are not our pictures the pure offspring of our fancy? are not the coloring and the tints which we lay on the canvas, as widely different as our sensations?

G. Unquestionably so. Yet I should imagine, that, after so much has been said on the same subject, ...

A. It must be difficult, you mean, to say any thing new on it! There it is again! that is the language of inexperience, the humble tone of the unfledged novice, who understands not the value of the treasures which lie open before him. I myself have already published sixteen different and tolerably voluminous works on Switzerland; and, with the blessing of God, I intend to add to the number. But, indeed, to do this, a man must possess peculiar advantages—in short, he must know "where stands the house that Jack built."

G. Aye, to be sure, an author, who understands those advantages so perfectly as Dr. Alp, may well write. But we poor green-horns.....

A. Mind me, my friend—be it observed *en passant*—whenever you attempt to paint in the manner above described, be sure you never neglect to emphaticise your periods by the judicious insertion of the beautiful and expressive "*There!*"

G. Pray, what do you mean by the expressive "*There?*"

A. I mean the emphatic particle "*There,*" which, as it were, realises objects before the reader's eyes.

G. For instance?

A. For instance—"I have now climbed the aspiring height"—But hold—let me here remark that you must bestow particular attention on your epithets, or your adjectives, as they are commonly called. They have very great effect in picturesque descriptions and romantic rhapsodies of this kind, and must never be overlooked. Thus then—"I have now climbed the *aspiring* height; and beneath my *yet-trembling* feet, *THERE* lies extended a *glorious* landscape, adorned in *lavish* profusion with all the *bewitching* charms of a *rich* variety."—Do you now feel the irresistible energy of the particle "*There?*"

G. Excellent! Excellent!

A. Only hear a few words more. —"Now has your raptured eye, in a fine phrensy rolling, a glorious opportunity of ranging at pleasure. For, in such a situation, to fix immediately upon a single object, would betray an unpardonable want of sensibility, of taste for the picturesque, of enthusiasm—in short, it would argue a most shocking unsusceptibility of soul. Your roving eye may be for a while uncertain toward what quarter it shall first direct its glance—whether it shall rest upon that beautiful lake—on those grey Alps which bound its eastern shore, and rear their towering heads to the clouds—on those smiling and boundless plains—or on the innumerable towns and castles, whose lofty turrets reflect the glorious beams of day."

G. Incomparable! The "raptured eye, in a fine phrensy rolling," is a master-stroke.

A. Aye! only consider with what picturesque effect I here rapturise! And, after all, when you have sufficiently indulged in the intoxication of tumultuous delight—when you have sufficiently painted, rapturised, and raved—you have still

one grand resource remaining, to extricate yourself in the handsomest manner from all difficulty.

G. (*eagerly*) How so, my dear doctor? how so?

A. Nothing in the world easier—that is to say, for *us*, who know how to manage our cards to advantage. For instance, you thus continue—"Expect not, gentle reader, that I should here attempt a description of this glorious sight. The multiplicity of objects of which the picture must be composed, is too great, too sublime, too majestic, for mortal eye to take them all in at one view: and, instead of an animated whole, my pencil could but present an uninteresting collection of detached parts."—You see, we can thus bring the matter to a conclusion, when it seems on the point of towering beyond our reach.

G. But, my dear doctor, does not much also depend on the title of a book?

A. Most certainly—much, very much depends on it.—Have you yet thought of a proper title for your work? Come! let us hear it.

G. I have not yet quite made up my mind on that subject. What think you of "Philosophical Rambles in Romantic Switzerland?"

A. There is some novelty in it, I must allow: but the "Philosophic" will never do: I cannot reconcile myself to it.

G. Or "Peep into Switzerland?"

A. We have already had that.

G. Did you not just now tell me that we might boldly copy from our predecessors?

A. Yes, as much as you please—every thing, in short, but the title: that you must not meddle with.

G. "Steps of an Alp-climber?"

A. Too harsh, my young friend! too harsh! Is it possible your ear can be still so indifferent with respect to the names of things and persons? *Sophocles*, for instance, and *Lutgenmeyer*—the one the celebrated Grecian bard, the other a trader of Bremen—do you not feel as great a difference in the names of these persons as in their occupations? For my part, I am a great friend to "Views"—"Prospects"—"Flights," and the like. Were I to write a dozen more books on Switzerland, they should all have such titles: and, to give you candidly my advice, I recommend to you to choose among these or similar ones. Fine feathers make fine birds; and such titles as these procure us respect from the reviewers. Suppose, for example, "My six Months' Flight through Switzerland"—(a man *may* continue to fly for six months)—or, if you wish for something quite novel, "Overflowings of my blissful Sensations in romantic Switzerland, together with some affecting Anecdotes, for the Entertainment of pious sentimental Christians in their lonely Hours," &c.

G. Now, for the first time, do I feel the importance of the title: but, to attain success in this branch, a peculiar course of study is requisite, on which I have hitherto bestowed too little attention.—One thing more, my dear doctor—With respect to the size of the work—the number of sheets it should contain . . . .

A. Give yourself no uneasiness on that head.

G. I have been informed, however, that the world, now-a-days, are not very fond of works that are too voluminous.

A. Fiddle-de-dee! People have indeed thought proper to find fault with the older Switz-tourists, as being too verbose, too circumstantial, and too prolix. But never you mind that: can a man be too copious on so enchanting a theme? A well-known author has, in his "Letters

on Switzerland," given us a notable instance of *condensed copiousness*, which at once overwhelms the whole host of invidious objections made by the sticklers for conciseness. The first letter of the second part of his work contains no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight large octavo pages, which are, moreover, pretty closely printed. That (d'ye see ?) is what may be called understanding his subject, thoroughly investigating it, making a proper use of his materials, and working them all up to the very last. A later writer, however, has not only equalled but even surpassed his worthy predecessor: he has written a book on Switzerland, consisting of above five hundred sheets, though it contains no more than three letters. But then, in his work, every thing is detailed with the most minute and circumstantial exactness: he has presented the various objects to his readers in alphabetic order; and the first letter goes from A to K.

G. From A to K! It must be an excellent work indeed!—Have you read it through?

A. Every line of it. The author sent it to me in manuscript, requesting me to enrich it with my annotations; and I think I shall set about the task next winter.

G. May I request to hear a few passages from it, for my instruction and improvement?

A. By all means. The treasures of literature are public property, and belong to the whole human race; and there is no duty which *we* literati feel greater pleasure in performing, than that of rendering ourselves the lights of the world by means of our knowledge. I shall therefore communicate to you a few passages, with as great precision as my memory will allow.

G. Oh! that will give me inexpressible delight.

A. We[torn]

"*Prospects.*—Alps—their beauty.

"*Aran*—a neat little country town. —Counsellor F of this place is a great corpulent man, of uncommon *capacity* and talents. My wife and I dined with him.

"*Folly* of parents and guardians in Germany, in not, above all things, sending their children and wards to Switzerland, &c.

"*Mountains*—their height—their importance to the Switz-tourist.

"*Butter*—its richness and fine flavour.

"*Bodmer*—a worthy and celebrated literary character, who formerly lived at Zurich, and who, according to the latest and best accounts given us by a well-known German author whose Letters are in every body's hands, was a meagre lively little man.

"*Cotton-manufactures* are here in a very flourishing state.

"*Confectioners*—very skilful in Zurich, and remarkably so in Bern.

"*Concerts* — Mr. *Zunftmeister** S*** sent his superb equipage to convey us from Stein to Winterthur to a concert, which was superior to all the concerts I had ever heard before, and, I believe, to all those of Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna, Florence, and Westminster-abbey. In the evening we supped with Mr. *Zunftmeister* S, whose table, though not overloaded, was exquisitely furnished.—He is a man of *great* merit.

"*Chamber-maids* —— commonly very good souls.—At Zunftmeister S's *souper*, my wife met with the disagreeable accident of having a glass of red wine spilled on her green silk gown: Mrs. S's chamber-maid took out the stain of it so completely, that not a trace of it remained visible."

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* Head or master of a trade or corporation.

you delight me beyond ... A few more passages, I pray, if I may venture to request that favour.

A. Most willingly, my friend—

"*Thumb-screws*, and all the various instruments of torture employed by justice, are yet much in use throughout Switzerland; as are likewise *threats*, and every such auxiliary means of extorting a confession of the truth.—*Thanksgivings* to heaven for having at length reached this *land of liberty*, and being blest with an opportunity of admiring the wise laws of a *free* people.

"*I!!!*—This important article is profoundly, circumstantially, and copiously handled: above one hundred and forty sheets are devoted to it alone; and the subject is resumed, and pursued with unwearied diligence, under the articles *Me* and *Myself*.

"*Truffles* are here very good, and much eaten. Also *Chestnuts à la crème*, in the Païs de Vaud, are very delicate, and have already been sufficiently celebrated by a well-known writer.

"*Arts*—not here in a very flourishing state: but *Cheese* has reached its *ne-plus-ultra* of perfection."

I have now given you a proof that I am as liberal in admitting my friends to a participation of the literary treasures which fall into my hands, as Dr. Alp is in communicating the light of his knowledge.—Grey morn now advances; and I proceed to measure back my steps to Bern.

(*To be continued.*)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 524.)

Clazon! thy name shall flourish immortal in the Batavian annals: thou and thy gallant crew exhibit a striking example of the most terrific intrepidity. — Whate'er undaunted valour could accomplish, was accomplished by the valour of Clazon: but his masts are shattered; his decks are covered by a crowd of invading Spaniards; and, shuddering with indignation, he views the approach of the fatal moment when he shall be constrained to abandon to them that theatre of his courage. His soldiers implore him—"Haste! be our deliverer! does no way lie open for a glorious flight, which shall eclipse the splendor of victory itself?"—Clazon exhorts them to continue the fight, and promises to gratify their wishes.

Hastening to execute his purpose, scarcely had he advanced a few steps, when he met the partner of his love, who with tearful eyes entreats him to rescue her from the ferocity of the Spaniards.—"Thou shalt not be its victim," says he, with a look of melancholy gloom and fierce resolution, and conjures her not to follow him. She accompanies him, however, to the deep recesses of the ship, where the nitrous stores are deposited. Armed with a blazing brand, he approaches the spot: his wife looks on appalled, but does not break silence. Clazon turns his eye toward her: the brand trembles in his grasp: he recoils, determined once more to try the fate of battle—when suddenly the Spaniards in joyous shouts cry out "Victory!"—Furious, he hurls the brand, and rushes into his wife's embraces: in an instant, the roar of a thousand thunders rends the air; and the flaming ship is whirled aloft to the clouds, involving victors and vanquished in promiscuous ruin.

Frozen with terror, the Spaniards no longer venture, without trembling, to invade the enemy's ships. Alva despairs of being able to subdue the

Batavians: but William, stimulated by martial ardor and cheering hope, still continues the conflict.

Meantime the admiral of the Batavian fleet, the dauntless Boisot, animated by the glory he had lately acquired in flying to the assistance of Leiden, rapidly sails toward the ship defended by the intrepid Romero—closes with it, and assails it with impetuosity. The warriors under the command of Boisot, formed by his lessons and his example, valiantly second his exertions. Even Alsor, covered with numerous wounds, refuses to let his sword be unemployed, and, determined to perish in the act of fighting the enemy, is carried by two soldiers to wherever he can yet display his valour.

Glimes descries him—advances—and, fondly flattering himself with the hope of an easy triumph over this enfeebled adversary, dares thus to insult him—"What means this escort, less resembling a warlike train than a funeral convoy? shall I strike this shadow?"—While he encounters him, he himself receives the stroke of death from the enfeebled but still formidable hand of Alsor.—'Twas Alsor's last victory: his wishes are accomplished, and he closes his eyes in eternal night. His friend Claes has taken his place, and, boiling with wrath, mows down numerous Spaniards; when the brazen thunder roars; and the warrior's extended arm, with his victorious sword, are whirled to a distance through the air; and he accompanies his friend Alsor to the dark mansions of the dead.

Boisot has witnessed their fall; and his steel immolates to their manes an entire cohort of Spaniards. But Boisot is himself doomed to share the fate of the warriors whom he regrets, and who were inspired by his valour. The sword of Romero strikes him, bursts his visual nerve, and drowns his sight in a purple stream of blood: then, followed by his troops, Romero penetrates into the admiral's vessel. The admiral, involved in the shades of night, still continues the combat, till, assailed on every side, and unwilling to abandon his flag to the Spaniards, he calls in the aid of fire to second the efforts of the sword. By his order, all his warriors quickly descend into their boats, and he alone of the whole Batavian cohort remains on board the ship. Romero foresees the design of that invincible hero: and hardly has he time to plunge into the waves, when the vessel, enveloped in a sheet of flame, flies in fragments to the clouds.—The monument which the gratitude of Leiden is at this moment employed in erecting to Boisot, will be inundated with tears: Boisot will be lamented by William, and by every Batavian.

But Alva re-appears at the head of his fleet; his ship is named The Inquisition—a name, in which it seems to glory. On the flag is the representation of an altar surrounded with victims; and beneath the altar Fanaticism had inscribed that terrible name.

Beside Alva is stationed the admiral of the fleet, the valiant Bossut, who has not yet utterly abjured all the feelings of humanity, and whom Alva has nominated governor of Holland. Together they advance to attack William with united force; and upon the success of this combat rests all their hope of victory. William bravely resists the numerous bands of enemies who throng in crowds, ready to burst into his ship. Genlis, Lanoue, Saunoi, perceive his danger, and haste to support his valour. As if the battle were entirely confined to this spot, on both

sides a most furious and sanguinary struggle is maintained.

At the sight of Alva's detestable flag, Genlis and his Gallic band, together with the Batavian combatants, are struck with horror. But Nassau, raising his voice, exclaims —"Warriors! do you tremble at the picture of that tribunal, which your hands are destined to overturn? Let it hurl its thunders:—you are armed to overthrow the scaffolds of tyranny!"

At these words, a young Batavian —his name is Horn, and he is determined to prove himself worthy of it—rushes into the hostile ship—strikes down every Spaniard who opposes his daring valour—climbs aloft through a shower of fire and death—with determined hand seises the flag which inspires so much terror—tears it from its station—proudly displays it to his associates, who rush on board the vessel—and, returning to William's ship, spreads the flag at the hero's feet.

The whole Spanish fleet now resounds with cries of despair: the admiral, and even Alva himself, are seised with consternation. William and Maurice, at the head of the Batavian and Gallic warriors, furiously attack the disordered foe: but Alva and the admiral soon resume their wonted intrepidity. Aldegonde and Genlis fight beside Maurice: but, more intent on the preservation of that youthful hero than their own safety, while defending his life, and covered with Spanish blood, they are surrounded. Alva's heart now dilates with the hope of ultimate success; and, to insure his conquest, he orders an attendant skiff to conduct his two captives to another ship.

The heroes boil with indignant rage on seeing themselves dragged from the scene where valour contends for victory. But William, his son, and Lanoue, exasperated at these losses, exert themselves in yet more formidable efforts: terror and dismay precede William wherever he moves: he strikes, he overturns the opposing Spaniards.

Meantime the vigilant Barneveldt, who commands the ship Holland near The Batavian, perceives the danger which threatens his country. He comes in at the moment when Alva and the admiral, incensed at the impending defeat, rouse their courage with increased impetuosity, and communicate the flame to their cohorts. Firm and undaunted, he takes the place of Genlis and Aldegonde. As a tutelar divinity, he accompanies the youthful hero, and averts from his head many a mortal blow. Three times he rescues Maurice, when on the point of falling into the power of the enemy: at length, with his hand he hurls the Spanish pilot into the yawning deep, and seises the hostile helm.

The admiral immediately anticipates the loss of his ship, and, determined not to survive the disgrace, thus addresses the enraged Alva, who, seeing his cohorts mowed down around him, still continues the combat, and strews the blood-stained deck with numerous victims sacrificed to his vengeance—

"Duke of Alva! notwithstanding thy skilful manœuvres, thy valour, and our efforts, this vessel and I can resist but for a few moments longer. Do thou, with the remaining ships of the fleet, contend for victory, which abandons us."

Compelled to yield to the heroic band who are ready to overwhelm him, Alva retreats—returns to the fight—at length, boiling with gloomy wrath, he slowly retires, and, conducted by a boat to another ship, swears to render it the seat of victory.

The admiral, now surrounded on every side, is determined to die with his sword in his hand. Several Batavians were at once preparing to pierce his bosom, when Nassau averts their extended weapons, disengages the admiral, and—"Valiant chief!" he cries, "your glory does not require a longer resistance: intrust to me your sword."—He said: the warrior ceases to fight, and surrenders his steel to the hero's hand.

But scarcely is William in possession of the admiral of the hostile fleet, followed by the ship which the admiral had commanded, and trampling under his feet that flag wrought with pictured flames, whose bare aspect struck the beholders with terror—when the air is unexpectedly rent with terrific cries. Sudden, the element which is the scene of the combat, rages in violent turmoil: its waves swell and tower on high, as if the entire ocean were preparing to abandon its deep bed. In the midst of day, drear night wraps the celestial vault in gloomy darkness: the clouds, the winds, the waves, engage in dire conflict: volcanoes burst forth from the oozy caves of the deep, vomit torrents of flame through the incumbent mass of waters, and unite their thunders with the thunders of the fleet and of the heavens.

'Tis against William's vessel that the stormy sons of Æolus bend their united efforts: they assail the prow: they shake the tall mast; the mast resists their fury; at length it bends, and threatens to fall.

But the Almighty Father of nature—from the centre of the universe, where stands his eternal throne, around which unnumbered worlds gravitate—beholds the perils that environ the hero and his Batavians. Through the vast fields of boundless space, he darts a look at the angry and tumultuous waves: the waves are instantly appeased, and smooth their curling tops: the sun re-appears in the heavens; and the rage of the tempest and of the stormy winds is chained in still silence.

As if the scene of combat were now for the first time opened to the warriors who there had lately made trial of their valour, they all ardently crowd to it to renew the conflict. Alva, impatient to rekindle the courage of his host, proudly brandishes his sword; and, at the glittering signal, his vessels advance toward their chief. On the other hand, William, conspicuous on the lofty prow which he has not for a moment abandoned, raises his voice, which is repeated from ship to ship, from wave to wave, till it reaches the most distant vessels of his fleet, which instantly return to rally round the hero.

Lewis, whom the fury of the winds had separated from the Batavian squadron, now rejoins it, and with eager eye looks round for some rival worthy to exercise his courage. In vain a secret voice inwardly admonishes him—"Lewis! remember William's entreaties!"—His ardor is not abated.—As a generous courser, accustomed to stem the tide of broad rivers, if he meet a foaming torrent which rolls with the noise of thunder, boldly plunges into it: thus Lewis, with his single ship, rushes to assail the ships of Spain: they are shaken by the violence of the shock: their sails quiver on the trembling masts. On every side, those floating castles attack each other on the waves, and hurl their destructive thunders; masts encounter masts; sails strike against sails; cordage is entangled in cordage. Batavians and Spaniards rapidly climb to the summit of those towers, scatter wounds and destruction from the lofty eminence; many

of them attack each other in their aërial station, receive the stroke of death in the region of the clouds, and fall with loud noise on the echoing decks below.

Lewis's ship closely urges that which Avila commands. Scarcely are they come into contact, when, hurried on by his impetuous valour, and followed by the most intrepid of his train, Lewis springs into the hostile vessel, and spreads terror and death around. Avila, meanwhile, resists the fury of this attack, repels the invading host to a distance from the mast, before which, as before a tower, he rallies his disordered warriors, who with renewed courage return to the conflict. The victory remains for some time doubtful: but at length the pupil of Alva begins to dread that this day will rob him of all his former glory; when, suddenly, a swelling wave tears asunder the grapplings which fastened the two ships together, and separates them.

The Spaniards now cease to fly before Lewis and the small band of warriors who have remained with him on board their vessel: they maintain against him the combat, in which, to their astonishment, he still dares to persevere: and so great is his valour, and that of the Batavians who participate his danger, that they alone, unassisted by their friends, seem capable of gaining possession of the ship. He indulges the flattering hope that fortune has separated him from the rest of his host, only to crown him with more conspicuous glory; and this pleasing idea adds new ardor to his courage. But each moment deprives him of one of his brave combatants; and at length he beholds Armin, the last of the number, fall lifeless by his side. Lewis, however, is yet unsubdued. Avila, ashamed to behold the unequal fight, and wishing singly to measure his own courage with that of the Belgian hero, orders his men to retire—in vain—each individual, irritated by the daring resistance of that enemy, wishes to have the honor of smiting him, and avenging the Spanish blood shed by his sword.

(*To be continued.*)

Curious Observations.

Extracted from Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature.

(*Coninued from page 410.*)

Heliogabalus is noted for having dressed the brains of 600 *ostriches* in one dish." Vol. 5. p. 50.

The Roman Emperors considered *flamingo's* tongues as the highest luxury, and we have an account of one of them, who procured 1500 to be served up in a single dish. V. 5. p. 15.

The *ostrich* lays generally from 40 to 50 eggs at one clutch, and these eggs are said to be well tasted and extremely nourishing, each egg being a sufficient entertainment for eight men.

Moore assures us that at Joar he saw a man travelling upon an *ostrich*; and Adanson asserts that at the factory of Podore he had two ostriches, which were then young, the strongest of which ran swifter than the best English *racer*, although he carried two negroes on his back. V. 5. p. 66.

A *raven* may be reclaimed to almost every purpose, to which birds can be converted. He may be trained up for fowling like a hawk; he may be taught to fetch and carry like a spaniel; he may be taught to speak like a parrot; but the most extraordinary of all is that he can be taught to sing like a man. I have heard a raven sing the Black Joke with great distinctness, truth, and humour. V. 5. p. 226.

Pigeon. So great is the produce of this bird in its domestic state that

...might with very ...allow an ox.

...English commenced the business of whale-fishing (in imitation of the Biscayneers and Dutch) about the beginning of the 17th century, and the town of Hull had the honor of first attempting that profitable branch of trade. V. 6. p. 201—205. and 218.

Herrings. The great colony is seen to set out from the icy sea about the middle of winter, composed of numbers that if all the men in the world were to be loaded with herrings, they would not carry the thousandth part away.

A single herring, if suffered to multiply unmolested, and undiminished for 20 years, would shew a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we live upon. V. 6. p. 327 & 335.

The *oysters*, found along the coast of Coromandel, are capable of furnishing a plentiful meal to 8 or 10 men, but it seems universally agreed that they are no way comparable to ours for delicacy or flavour. V. 7. p. 51.

Milk is one of the most mild and nourishing of all fluids, and seemingly the most friendly to the human constitution; yet if milk be injected into a vein it will quickly become fatal, and kill with more certain destruction than even the venom of the *viper*. V. 7. p. 199.

A *flea* will draw a chain a hundred times heavier than itself; and to compensate for this force will eat ten times its own size of provision in a single day. V. 7. p. 248.

Mr. Reamur tried to turn the labours of the spider to human advantage, and actually made a pair of gloves from their webs, &c. V. 7. p. 262.

The silk-worm is perhaps the most serviceable of all other animals;

...at had ...once, which ...six or seven hours, ...fishing again. I have seen ...carp, continues he, taken out of a ...ron's belly nine inches and a half long. Several gentlemen who kept tame herons, to try what quantity one of them would eat in a day, have put smaller roach and dace in a tub, and they have found him eat fifty in a day, one day with another. In this manner a single heron will destroy 15,000 carp in a single half-year. V. 5. p. 395.

Terke affirms that a pelican will hide as many fish in its pouch as will serve sixty hungry men for a meal. V. 6. p. 53.

The Muscovy duck is, more properly speaking, the *musk* duck, so called from a supposed musky smell, with naked skin round the eyes, and is a native of Africa. V. 6. p. 130.

The cod spawns in one season, as Lewenhock assures us, above nine millions of eggs, or peas contained in one single roe. The flounder is commonly known to produce above one million, and the mackarel above five hundred thousand. V. 6. p. 178.

Apicius is noted for having first taught mankind to suffocate fish in Carthaginian pickle, and Quin for giving a sauce to the John Dory. Mrs. Glass is famous for her eel-pye, and Mrs. Tull for another invention to give carp a fine flavour. V. 6. p. 182.

How comes it that fish, which are bred in a salt element, have yet no salt to the taste, or that is capable of being extracted from it? V. 6. p. 183.

A common whale's throat is so narrow that an animal larger than a herring could not enter, but the

since from its lab...
facture attending it, ...
part of the world are clothed, ...
and supported. V. 7. p. 4.

It has been found that a single sparrow and its mate, that have young ones, destroy above 3000 caterpillars in a week. V. 7. p. 44.

Beetle. If we examine the formation of all animals of the beetle kind, we shall find, as in shell-fish, that their bones are placed externally and their muscles within. These muscles are formed very much like those of quadrupeds, and are endued with such surprising strength that, bulk for bulk, they are a thousand times stronger than those of a man. V. 8. p. 129.

The first Play-bill issued from Drury Lane Theatre.

By his Majesty's Company of Comedians,
At the New Theatre in Drvry Lane.
This day, being Thvrsday, April 8th 1663.
will be acted a Comedy, called
THE HVMOVROVS LIEUTENANT.

The King	—— Mr. WINTERSEL.
Demetrivs	—— Mr. HART.
Selevers	—— Mr. BVRT.
Leontivs	—— Major MOHVN.
Lievtenant	—— Mr. CLVN.
Celia	—— Mrs. MARSHALL.

The play will begin at three o'clock exactly.

Boxes 4*s.* Pit 2*s.* 6*d.* Middle Gallery 1*s.* 6*d.* Upper Gallery 1*s.*

Covent Garden Theatre, opened in the year 1732, with, "The Way of the World," under Rich. Admittance to the Boxes 5*s.*

Anecdote of CREBILLON.

MERCIER says, he, in 1786, saw Crebillon, (the son) eat a hundred dozen of oysters, without bursting.

TH...
a house at Pa...
Marmite Perpetuelle, ...
been on the fire 90 years, ...
which period, it must have bo...
at least 400,000 capons, and it bo...
nothing else. A fowl is ready whenever any one applies, by day or night. The house is situated near the principal market for fowls, and thus it is only a step to take from the street into the cauldron.

SKETCHES *of* AMERICA,

with the MANNERS *and* CUSTOMS *of the* PEOPLE.

By a recent Trans-Atlantic traveller, written exclusively, for the Ladies Magazine; and embellished with a correct view of Christ Church, Philadelphia.

THE city of Philadelphia was founded by the benevolent and pacific William Penn, one of the people calling themselves Friends, and by other religious sects, denominated Quakers. On the fourth of March, 1681, King Charles the 2d. granted to this enterprising Englishman a patent for occupying a considerable tract of land, bound on the western side of the River Delaware, in North America; where he landed with numerous followers, chiefly of his own persuasion, in the following year.

The next step he took towards fixing his government on the most solid basis, was to purchase the right of the ab-origines of the country, to the territory granted him by his king. He convened by conciliatory measures, a meeting with them, and under a venerable oak, still standing, made a treaty with the natives, purchasing their right and interest for

the consideration of a quantity of British merchandize.

The founder of Pensylvania was not long in fixing upon a situation, that seemed to be prepared by nature for the sudden growth of his future capital. The spot was then covered with heavy timber — its foundation was a stratum of potters' clay—the harbour furnished a bed of sand—the nearest hills contained quarries of stone—the vicinity yielded lime stone and marble—and the penetration of intelligent observers discovered mines of coal and iron upon the navigable branches of the Delaware, long before the new settlement afforded hands to work them.

Having laid the foundation of his projected city, Penn gave it the appellation of Philadelphia, or the city of brotherly-love, from a town of ancient Greece, so named in honor of the fraternal attachment of Attalus and Eumenes, and afterwards famous in the Christian world for one of the seven churches, to which Saint John addressed his prophetic visions, so sublimely delivered in the book of revelations.

Philadelphia is situated about forty degrees north of the equator, and seventy five west of London; being in the same parallel of latitude with Spain, Italy, and Greece; climates, whose happy temperature indicated for Pensylvania a much milder winter, and a more healthy summer than are there experienced.

The rapid growth of this beautiful city, in size, wealth, and splendour, and its increase of trade, have seldom been equalled in commercial history. It is built on an extensive plain, five miles above the confluence of two navigable rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill. The former is a mile in breadth, and of sufficient depth to float ships of 1200 tons burthen to the wharfs, after being partly unloaded at a bar near Wilmington, thirty miles below the city; the only obstruction to its extensive navigation.

Fourscore houses were built in the first year, and they have now increased to about thirteen thousand, forming one of the finest and most regular cities in the world. The streets running from river to river, a distance of two miles, but not built entirely up to the Schuylkill, are named after the produce of the woods formerly growing upon the ground plain, viz. Walnut Street, Chesnut Street, Sassafras Street, Vine Street, Mulberry Street, Beech Street, and Cedar Street. Those running from north to south, are named Front Street, second, third, fourth, fifth, and up to the twelfth street. The centre of the city is Market Street, which, with Broad Street intersecting, is one hundred yards; and the others fifty feet wide. They are all uniform, and handsomely built of stone and brick. A range of houses for the principal merchants was intended to open upon the river Delaware, in the same manner as the celebrated Bomb Quay at Rotterdam; for which purpose, the warehouses along the river were to have been kept back from the rising ground above the bank; but cupidity, perhaps convenience, has crowded the platform between the streets with narrow alleys; and the bank of the river has been built up irregularly with houses, which are a disgrace to the city, and which entirely intercept the view of the port. This place, called Water Street, has proved, as if a punishment for encroaching upon the noble plan of the founder, a scourge to the inhabitants; for here disease, which terminates in the yellow fever, is engendered in the hot months of the summer, spreading through the whole city.

and frequently causing the inhabitants to fly into the interior of the country. The streets are well paved with large pebble stones in the carriage road, and the foot pavements, which are wide, are raised ten or twelve inches higher, with brick; which so greatly reflects the heat in summer that the feet, by long walking in the sun, are actually burnt and blistered. The city is throughout tolerably well lighted, and watchmen go their rounds, and call the hour of night, as in London. Many of the streets are planted with poplar trees, the rapid growth and spiral form of which have a pleasing effect.

The market is a boast of the Philadelphians, and, in fact, they may well be proud both of the building, and its regulations. It is covered, somewhat similar to the best part of Fleet-market, but it is too narrow.

It occupied in length 420 of my steps, exclusive of the intersections of several streets; and I calculated my step to be a yard. It is well supplied; and its regularity and cleanliness indicate good living, as well as wholesome regulations. No article can be offered for sale here, without first being submitted to the inspection of one of the clerks of the market, who seizes and destroys unwholesome articles, and a fine is inflicted upon the owner. Butcher's meat, in cool weather, is generally good; but not equal to that brought to the London markets, and is sold from ten to twelve cents (5*d.* to 6*d.*) per pound; but poultry is superior, and at one third of our prices. A turkey of sixteen pounds weight may be had for a dollar—fowls for six pence to a shilling each, and every other domestic bird in proportion. Game (for they are happily exempt from game laws) is still cheaper, as the negroes catch all kind of wild animals in traps and snares, and bring them to market in great abundance. The black people, who are free by the constitution of Pensylvania, though held in abject slavery through the more southern states, bring also to market what they call game, viz: the opossum, the racoon, and the squirrel. Europeans have a strong prejudice against these animals, but I can assure my nicest reader that they would not, without previous information, distinguish the flavour of a young opossum from a sucking pig, or the squirrel of America from an English rabbit. As to the racoon, I have heard that also commended when served upon the table; but it appeared too much of the fox to allow my relish of it. Butter of an excellent flavour is supplied in great abundance by the German settlers, who are numerous in Pensylvania, at eight pence English per pound, and new laid eggs for sixpence per dozen. Pork is excellent throughout the United States; and, from the quantity of mast, nuts, and berries throughout the country, it is raised in great numbers. The sportsman is often startled by a herd of swine suddenly starting up near him, and flying with the swiftness of the European hunted boar. These, indeed, are also wild—ranging at large, often miles from their owners farmhouse, who, however is anxious to accustom them to resort to his plantation; not from an apprehension of their being stolen, but on account of the difficulty in catching them for his use and profit. To effect this, he blows through a large sea shell, which produces a sound equal to that of the horn, used by our mail-coach guards. On hearing this, the well trained young hogs set off at full speed, and, from its being blown at one particular spot, they soon appear before their master, who rewards them with Indian corn. Still

thousands, straying beyond the sound, never return to their owner. In order, therefore, to recover the runaways, about the middle of November, neighbouring planters and farmers unite, forming a large party, in quest of them. They pursue and shoot their objects from a rifle-gun, with a single shot: after which, every person distinguishes his own property by certain marks on the ears, cut when the swine were young.

Philadelphia, including the suburbs, extends three miles along the Delaware, and from east to west, that is from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, two miles. There are in it thirty churches, or meeting houses, in which the various denominations of believers perform the homage of public worship to the common Father of mankind, according to their several forms and persuasions, under the happy system of toleration, secured to all professions. Christ-church, of which we present our readers with a correct view, was erected by the English long before the revolution, for episcopal worship; and is the most elegant structure of the order or architecture in America.

The Bank of the United States is a superb edifice, with a noble portico of six fluted columns. The Bank of Pensylvania is another building, which does credit to America. It is built of white marble, from the design of an Ionic temple. In the intersection of the two principal streets is a round tower, at once ornamental and useful. Within are works acted upon by steam, which raise the water of the Schuylkill to a level of between 30 and 40 feet above the highest ground in the city, and afford a plentiful supply to the inhabitants. The public institutions are numerous and beneficial. They include an university, as well as a competent number of private and free schools, a philosophical society, a public library, a hospital, a dispensary, one public and two private almshouses, a college of physicians, societies for promoting agriculture, for the encouragement of arts and sciences, and for the abolition of negro slavery (though in other states of the union it is carried on with all the cruelties of the West India islands)*; with another for alleviating the miseries of public prisons. To the benevolent exertions of the last is chiefly owing the improvement of the penal code, and the present safety of the inhabitants from the depredations of the unprincipled part of the community.†

Besides these benevolent associations there are here four chartered banks, six marine insurance companies, two for insurance against fire, and forty-one printing offices, five of which publish daily papers, circulated at a very trifling expense from Georgia to New Hampshire, by means of the post office; an establishment, which originated in the year 1775 in the then capital of the British Colonies, nnder the auspices of the venerable Franklin, so long the benefactor of his country.

At Philadelphia is also the mint of the United States, and a type foundery. Ship and coach building, cabinet work, in short, every branch of mechanical work is also carried on to perfection. But the great staple commodity is flour; of which 400,000 barrels are generally exported.

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* It must here be observed, that though the United States are subject to one general congress held at Washington, yet each exact their local laws. Thus Pensylvania abolishes slavery, while Baltimore and the more southern states continue this abominable system.

† Street robberies or burglaries are very rare in Philadelphia.

Such has been the increase of trade that the better class of the inhabitants live in all the splendour of the affluent in London, a splendour indeed which admits, perhaps, but of one comparison in the world—the capital of Russia. But Petersburg was created among the marshes of the Neva, by a succession of absolute princes commanding the resources of a mighty empire; while Philadelphia, at first only a chief town of a dependant colony, and now no more than the capital of a single province of an infant nation, has risen, upon the banks of the Delaware, to a distinguished rank, from the liberal institutes of a single founder—a private individual—seconded only by the energy of principle, and the efforts of intelligence. The climate also was a great impediment to the efforts of its founder. The cold is intense as in Russia, loaded waggons passing over the Delaware from the effects of a few days' frost; while the heat of summer bears no proportion. The thermometer may be averaged, in four successive months at 80, and frequently rises—nay continues several days at 93, a height so nearly allied to the atmosphere of the burning Zone as to readily receive and propogate the yellow fever, which has swept off thousands. In the first part of the summer, the city is as healthy as the air of London; yet the heat is so intense that most persons close their window shutters, and few would voluntarily encounter the rays of the sun. The pursuit of wealth, however, stimulates the American to run every hazard, but each is protected by a large umbrella. Females remain within doors until the sun has set; then they emerge from their confinement, and pay their visits by moon light or promenade until a late hour, while the girls, lightly clad in a chemise and a muslin frock, sport and play without the smallest molestation from the other sex, in all their native gaiety and innocence.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.

(From Northcote's Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

Some ladies were regretting the death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations; upon which Reynolds observed, "You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from the burden of gratitude." They were shocked a little at this alleviating suggestion, as too selfish; but Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and was much pleased with the *mind*, the fair view of human nature it exhibited, like some of the reflections of Rochefoucault. The consequence was that he went home with Reynolds, and supped with him.

Doctor Johnson had a great desire to cultivate the friendship of Richardson, the author of Clarissa, and with this view paid him frequent visits. These were received very coldly by the latter; "but" observed the Doctor (in speaking of this to a friend), "I was determined to persist till I had gained my point; because I knew very well, that when I had once overcome his reluctance and shyness of humour, our intimacy would contribute much to the happiness of both." The event verified the Doctor's prediction.

The Doctor's intercourse with Sir Joshua was at first produced in the same manner as is described in respect to Richardson. He frequently called in the evening, and remained to a late hour, when Sir Joshua was desirous of going into new company, after having been harassed by his professional occupations the whole day. This sometimes overcame his pa-

rience to such a degree, that one evening in particular, on entering the room where Johnson was waiting to see him, he immediately took up his hat and went out of the house. Reynolds hoped by these means he would have been effectually cured; but Johnson still persisted, and at last gained his friendship.

"There are two things," said Dr. Johnson, "which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, shewing, from various causes, why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and to the public.

Several ladies being in company with Dr. Johnson, it was remarked by one of them, that a learned woman was by no means a rare character in the present age: when Johnson replied, "I have known a great many ladies who knew Latin, but very few who knew English."

A lady observed, that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson said, "I do not know that." "At least," said the lady, "they are most pleasing when they are in conversation."—"No, Madam," returned Johnson, "I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues."

Once being at dinner at Sir Joshua's in company with many painters, in the course of conversation Richardson's Treatise on Painting happened to be mentioned. "Ah!" said Johnson, "I remember when I was at college, I by chance found that book on my stairs: I took it up with me to my chamber and read it through, and truly I did not think it possible to say so much upon the art." Sir Joshua, who could not hear distinctly, desired of one of the company to be informed what Johnson had said; and it being repeated to him so loud that Johnson heard it, the Doctor seemed hurt, and added, "But I did not wish, Sir, that Sir Joshua should have been told what I then said."

A prosing dull companion was making a long harangue to Dr. Johnson upon the *Punic war*, in which he gave nothing either new or entertaining. Johnson, afterwards, speaking of the circumstance to a friend, said, "Sir, I soon withdrew my attention from him, and thought of Tom Thumb."

Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which, in their opinion, neither discovered talent nor originality. To this, Dr. Johnson listened, in his usual growling manner, for some time; when, at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose, with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, "If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy, but those who could write as well, he would have few censors."

Letter of Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell.

"DEAR SIR,

"I heard yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends: but I hope you will still live long, for the honour of the nation; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is still re-

served for—Dear sir, your most affectionate, &c. SAM. JOHNSON."
Brighthelmstone, Nov. 14, 1782.

When Dr. Johnson made the tour of Scotland, he was admitted *speciali gratiâ* into the fraternity of sages, known at Edinburgh by the title of the Physico-theological Society. The conversation, as usual, turned on a very abstruse point of metaphysics, *viz.* "Whether a man would accept of existence by *choice?* Or whether the deity, to carry on the present system of things, must not compel him into existence by *necessity?*" After some hours spent in the most subtile and acute refinements of logic, the whole company turned their eyes on Doctor Johnson, and requested to hear his sentiments. His answer was couched in his usual cynical strain. "For my part, I think the solution of the question ultimately depends on the single circumstance of considering under what denomination of country the *supposed subject* for existence was to be discriminated. If he was to be an Englishman he would exist by *choice;* but if a Scotchman, by *necessity.*"

Climate of BENGAL *and* MADRAS.

(From Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.)

RETURNING last night from my evening's drive, I passed the English burying-ground for the first time. There are many acres covered so thick with columns, urns, and obelisks, that there scarcely seems to be room for another. It is a little city of the dead. It extends on both sides of the road, and you see nothing beyond it: and the greater number of those buried here are under five and twenty years of age! It is a painful reflection, yet one that forces itself upon the mind, to consider the number of young men cut off in their first two or three years residence in this climate.

HANDEL.

GEORGE Frederic Handel was a native of Upper Saxony, born in 1684. He displayed a very early and surprising taste, with a most accurate ear for music. But his father, who determined to bring him up to the law, banished every kind of musical instrument from his house; and took uncommon pains to destroy this native passion; though in vain. When about seven years old, he accompanied his father, who was a physician, to the court of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels; here he was suffered to ramble about the palace. One morning he found means, as soon as the service was over, to steal to the organ in the Ducal Chapel. The Duke, who had only just before gone out, remarked that the organ was played in a very unusual manner, and directed his valet to enquire who it was he heard; the man returned with an answer, that it was a boy about seven years of age. The Duke immediately commanded both Handel and his father to be sent for into his presence, and the conversation terminated in a resolution of the father, 'to yield to the impulse of nature, and to allow his son to follow the profession of music.'

To this accident the world has been indebted for that consummation in the science of music, which afterwards distinguished the life of this great man. His oratorios will live for ever.

MAHRATTA WOMEN.

(From Mr. Broughton's "Letters written in a Mahratta Camp, during the year 1809.")

MR. Broughton describes the treatment of the Mahratta women as less

strict than amongst the other natives of India.

Such as can afford it here, ride on horseback, without taking any pains to conceal their faces: they gallop about, and make their way through the throng with as much boldness and perseverance as the men. Among the better sort, it is common to see the master of a family riding by the side of his wife and children, all well mounted, and attended by half a dozen horsemen, and two or three female servants, also on horseback: and I have often seen a woman seated astride, behind her husband, and keeping her seat with no small degree of grace and dexterity, while he was exercising his horse at a good round gallop. The Mahratta women are, generally speaking, very ugly; and have a bold look, which is to be observed in no other women of Hindoostan.

The poorest women tie their infants in a bag, which they sling over their shoulders; and so trudge along a whole day's march, without appearing to suffer the slightest inconvenience: and this is often done when the child has been actually born upon the road. They must, however, be very poor indeed, who have neither a bullock nor a *tut hoo* to carry their baggage. These tut hoos are a breed of small ponies, and are the most useful and hardy little animals in India. It is surprising to see them getting on, during a long march, at a quick walk, under loads which appear sufficient to break their backs; and which commonly consist of all the goods and chattels of the family, including the tent; with the mistress seated on the top, child in her lap, and a pet kid, or a little dog, tied on before her. They are generally vicious, and will fight, after getting rid of their load, with as much vigor and spirit as if just loosed from their night's pickets.

The POPE.

(From Mr. Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy.)

WHENEVER the pope appears in public, or is approached even in private, his person is encircled with reverence and with majesty. In public, a large silver cross raised on high is carried before him, as a sacred banner, the church bells ring as he passes, and all kneel in his sight. When he officiates at the patriarchal Basilica, he is carried from his apartments in the adjoining palace to the church in a chair of state, though in the chancel his throne is merely an ancient episcopal chair, raised only a few steps above the seats of the cardinals or clergy. In private, as the pontifical palaces are vast and magnificent, there are perhaps more apartments to be traversed, and greater appearances of splendor in the approach to his person, than in an introduction to any other sovereign. In his antichamber, a prelate in full robes is always in waiting, and when the bell rings, the door of the pontifical apartment opens, and the pope is seen in a chair of state with a little table before him. The person presented kneels once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room, and lastly, at the feet of the pontiff, who, according to circumstances, allows him to kiss the cross embroidered on his shoes, or presents his hand to raise him. The pontiff then converses with him a short time, and dismisses him with some slight present of beads, or medals, as a memorial. The ceremony of genu-flection is again repeated, and the doors close.

The pomp, which environs the pontiff in public, and attracts the attention so forcibly, may perhaps appear to many a glorious and enviable distinction; but there are few, I believe, who would not, if accompanied by it in all the details of or-

dinary life, feel it an intolerable burthen. Other sovereigns have their hours of relaxation; they act their part in public, and then throw off their robes, and mix in the domestic circle with their family, or their confidents. The pope has no hours of relaxation; always encumbered with the same robes, surrounded by the same attendants, and confined within the magic circle of etiquette, he labours for ever under the weight of his dignity, and may, if influenced by ordinary feelings, often sigh in vain for the leisure and the insignificance of the college or the cloister. A morning of business and application closes with a solitary meal; a walk in the gardens of the *Quirinal* or the *Vatican*, a visit to a church or an hospital, are his only exercises. Devotion and business, the duties of the pontiff and of the prince, successively occupy his hours, and leave no vacant interval for the indulgence of the taste, or the arrangement of the affairs of the individual. What honors can compensate for a life of such restraint and confinement? I have said a solitary meal, for the pope never dines in company, so that to him a repast is no recreation; it is consequently short and frugal. Sixtus Quintus is reported to have confined the expenses of his table to about sixpence. Innocent XI. did not exceed half-a-crown; and the present pontiff, considering the different valuation of money, equals them both in frugality, as his table never exceeds five shillings a day.

On the whole, the person and conduct of the pope, whether in public or in private, are under perpetual restraint, and constant inspection. The least deviation from strict propriety or even from customary forms, would be immediately noticed, published, and censured in pasquinades. Leo X. loved shooting, and by the change of dress necessary for that amusement, gave scandal. Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) was advised by his physicians to ride; he rode in the neighbourhood of his *Alban villa*; and, it is said, offended the people of the country not a little by that supposed levity. Benedict XIV wished to see the interior arrangement of a new theatre, and visited it before it was opened to the public; the next morning an inscription appeared over the door by which he had entered, *Porta Santa; plenary indulgence to all who enter.* These anecdotes suffice to shew the joyless uniformity of the papal court, as well as the strict decorum, that pervades every department immediately connected with the person of the pontiff.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The following estimate of Reynolds, as an artist, and a man, was written by Burke, shortly after the death of his friend, whilst the character was yet warm in his memory.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman, who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those, who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve, when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the

invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. "Hail! and farewell!"

NELSON *at* COPENHAGEN.

(From Southy's Life of Nelson.)

AT the battle of Copenhagen, Lord Nelson exhibited a degree of heroism, which proceeded at least to the very verge of temerity. It was, however, justified by the success; and, with many, this seems the only rule for appreciating actions of this extraordinary kind. When Nelson's signal lieutenant called out, that No. 39, (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander in chief, he continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat. "No," he replied, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him, to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. "Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander in chief? No. 39?" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant.—"Why, to leave off action!" Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—"Leave off action? Now d—n me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes:"—and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed, "D—n the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

Anecdote, illustrating RUSSIAN MANNERS, *and their* MODE *of* PUNISHMENT.

(From a work entitled "An original Journal from London to St. Petersburgh, by way of Sweden, &c.")

A coachman, a slave of Prince Yablonosky, a Polish nobleman, having murdered his master, returning from Count Strogonoff's country seat, upon the 17th of September, 1806, after finding means to escape, was pursued, taken at Novogorod,

and brought back to St. Petersburg, where he was sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty strokes of the knout, to have his face marked in three places with a hot iron, and to have his nostrils torn out: this sentence was put into execution on the second of October following, new style. He was taken from the prison about nine o'clock in the morning, and conducted to the police office gate, from whence the police master with the police guards, on horseback, conducted him to the place of execution, about two English miles, along the great street called the Neoskoi Perspective: the procession was in the following manner, viz.

First, several police guards to clear the way; then came the first police master, attended by several distinct police masters, and, after them, a detachment of police guards on horseback. Next, surrounded by a great number of the same guards on foot, walked the criminal, bareheaded, with fetters on his legs, and handcuffs. He was a bearded peasant, dressed in a long blue habit, which they wear with striped pantaloons; and behind him walked the two executioners, with the knouts under their arms. When arrived at the place of execution, a detachment of regular troops kept the mob clear of the block and boards upon which he was to be fastened. The dreadful ceremony began by a short prayer, and then the culprit was stripped naked to his waist, and laid down upon the board: his neck was strapped down to a groove, as were his arms to blocks upon each side. The first executioner taking hold of the knout (which is a short wooden handle fastened to a triangular strap of sheep's skin, soaked in milk and dried in the sun, and is about one yard and a half long), began by raising himself upon his toes at each stroke, and, taking, as it were, measure to strike him, at each blow wiping the blood off with his fingers from the thong, observing an interval of two or three seconds between each stroke. After giving six strokes, he was replaced by the other executioner, who gave him the same number, in the same manner as the former, thus changing every sixth stroke, and at each change taking fresh thongs. The cries of the unfortunate man were dreadful in the extreme, for the first seven strokes; but after that they gradually lessened, and by the twelfth they totally ceased: had it not been for a convulsive tremor of his fingers, one would taken it for granted that he was dead.

The knoutting finished, the executioners untied him, raised him upon his legs, the one holding his hand behind his head to support it; the other took the marking iron, with the letters *vor* (thief) cut thereon, so as to have a sharp edge; it was fixed in a round wooden handle. Striking it with his fist as with a mallet, he drove it into the forehead and the two cheeks of the malefactor: after that he took a pair of pinchers, like sugar nippers; he put one side of them into the inside of the nostril, and the other on the outside of the skin of the nose, and with a violent jerk he tore out the nerve; and then repeated the same operation upon the other side; and yet, wonderful to relate, the suffering criminal remained sensible enough, with a little assistance, to throw his coat over his lacerated shoulders, to mount a cart, and be conducted back to prison.

Anecdote of BONAPARTE.

ON the 17th of February, 1807, Bonaparte withdrew from the most bloody field of battle near Eylau (in East Prussia), and galloped into the town, accompanied only by half

a dozen of his officers, in order to view the isssue of the contest from a high steeple of that place. The clerk of the church was ordered to open the door, leading to a very narrow and dark staircase, which Bonaparte ascended, whilst his suit was halting below, the clerk holding all the while the knocker in his hand. Meantime the officers of the guard, hearing the fire of the Russians come close up to them, and seeing their own countrymen retire through the town in the utmost consternation, took likewise to flight, and Bonaparte, being disappointed in the hope of seeing his left wing supported by a brigade to which he had sent orders to that effect by an adjutant, who, being intoxicated, was drowned in the Alle (a small river falling into the Pegel), was obliged to descend, and to throw himself upon his horse that was held by a groom, without a single Frenchman besides him being at Eylau.

Had then the clerk of Eylau had the presence of mind to shut the door leading to the steeple, which as every German knows, has no communication with the body of the chuch, there would not have been the least possibility for Bonaparte to escape, for five minutes after his having mounted his horse, the Cossacks were in Eylau. Thus one pressure of the hand would have saved the lives of half a million of men.

Eagles *in the* North.

(From Von Buck's Travels through Norway, &c.

When the author reached the island of Leckö, he learned with surprise that eagles were very much dreaded in this and the neighbouring islands, as not only the lambs and the smaller animals, but even oxen, are the objects of their attack. The eagle, says he plunges itself into the waves, and, after being completely drenched, rolls itself among the sand on the shore till its wings are quite covered with the sand. It then rises into the air, and hovers over its unfortunate victim. When it is close to it, it shakes its wings, and throws stones and sand into the eyes of the ox, and completes the terror of the animal by blows with its powerful wings. The blinded oxen run about quite raving, and at length fall down completely exhausted, or dash themselves to death from some cliff. The eagle then mangles] undisturbed the fruits of his victory.

Female Quarrels.

Much has been written against duelling—even laws have been made against it. The former have effected little, the latter nothing; for the *opinions* of men cannot thus be restrained—the *act itself* can be forbidden, but no more. It is true that there seems, in some degree, an absurdity in supposing the honor of an injured man to be satisfied by such a meeeting; for perhaps the satisfaction is accompanied by a bullet through his *thorax*—but the habits of gentlemanly society concur in fixing this mode of redress for a grievance, and Reason may bawl against it till she is hoarse.

All nations have attracted some peculiarity to the idea of injured honor and honesty. When the Romans acknowledged as innocent any one, who had been prosecuted, they were not content with *taking* off his chains—they *hewed* them off. When the former parliament of Paris acknowledged the innocence of a previously supposed criminal, they did not convey the late prisoner back by the way he came, but through the *porte d'honneur*. It is true that the sentence of the judge restores his honor to any one unjustly accused; but, in the countries mentioned, the

mass of mankind looked at the chains *hacked off*, and the *porte d'honneur*.

Female duels are very rare, and hence feminine revenge is more determined than that of men; for it must be at least acknowledged that the thirst for revenge is allayed by a duel. When blood flows, the origin of quarrel is forgotten, and every bad feeling instantly vanishes. But the disputes between females become a sort of town's talk—they are disputes only to be ridiculed, and laughed at—which very town-talk, ridicule, and derision, rouse in an offended or injured woman, a bitterness of feeling not to be described—a sensation, when carried to the extent it sometimes is, at once swallowing every idea of justice and humanity. If the lovely hand of woman dared to grasp a pistol, and expose to an approaching bullet the bosom swelling with indignation, female vengeance would not be so dreadful as it is.

For example, who would believe that a glass of water, and a pair of gloves, effected the peace of Utrecht? The combined powers of Europe had shaken the French monarchy—a quarrel between women restored its ancient lustre.

Queen Anne was attached to the Duchess of Marlborough. The latter wished to become, at length, in dependent of her monarch. She grew proud, headstrong, and ambitious to such an overbearing degree, that the queen, disgusted by her insolence, withdrew her royal favor, and bestowed it on an amiable lady at her court, called Masham. The duchess was enraged beyond all bounds, and thirsted for revenge.

It is generally thought a difficult matter to exercise vengeance on a queen; but nothing is more easy. Queen Anne was a woman—consequently she could be vexed by trifles. Mrs. Masham one day wore a beautiful dress at court. The duchess, as if by accident, threw a glass of water on it, and did not even condescend to make an apology. The offended lady glowed with indignation, for she had been attacked in a way wounding to her very heart—*her new dress was spoiled.* The queen participated in the sorrows of her favorite; but she did not venture to let her anger break out; for the husband of the duchess, the immortal Marlborough, was a hero, who flew from victory to victory, fixing her throne upon a rock, and encircling her brow with laurels. A second occurrence, however, of equally trifling importance in itself, soon made the love of fame yield to the thirst for vengeance.

The duchess appeared at court in a pair of beautiful gloves. The queen was so much struck with the novelty and taste displayed in them, that she could not forbear to express her admiration, and in terms sufficiently evincing her wish to possess them. The intimation of such a wish, from a monarch, is tantamount to a command. The duchess perfectly understood it, but she affected ignorance—nay, she was even so spiteful as to call the attention of all around to them, taking care, too, that her majesty should witness the admiration they excited. From that moment her disgrace was resolved upon, be the price, at which it was purchased, what it might. The queen gave Lewis the XIV to understand that she was inclined to peace—she forsook the cause of the house of Austria, recalled the Duke of Marlborough, and deprived him of his honors.

In vain did Prince Eugene himself come to England, and endeavour to save his noble companion in arms.—Marlborough, the late hero of Blenheim, Hochstett, and Malplaquet, fell by the gloves of his wife.

POETRY.

The Lover *to his* Mistress.

By Marina.

Tell me, Harriet, nymph enchanting,
Lovely mistress of my heart,
Can another grace be wanting,
Near perfection as thou art?

Ah, that bosom angry swelling,
And the proudly conscious eye;
Seem the impious doubt repelling,
While thy tongue disdains reply!

"Ask," they cry, "this eye's blue lustre,
Ask this cheek's unrivalled bloom,
Dimpled smiles, where Cupids cluster,
Lips, that ever breathe perfume!

"Could Apelles judge between us,
Soon his voice should speak thy shame;
Boasts the Medicean Venus
Charms more worthy beauty's name?

"Ah, what say'st thou? Does another
Seem more lovely in my sight?
Harriet, sighs thy accents smother,
Tears obscure those eyes so bright.

"Oh, what bliss to find thou fearest!—
Thou art perfect now to me;
This was wanting, sweetest, dearest,
Me to love, as I love thee!

"Now the rosy smile relenting,
Charms away thy Edward's terror;
But the lips, that speak consenting,
Can alone redeem his error."

Enigma.

Come, friends, well versed in mystic lore,
My hidden name can you explore,
If I attempt, in humble verse,
My various merits to rehearse?
Oft used am I, and prized full well
By city beau, and city belle;
Once it is true I did resort,
To balls, and routs, perhaps to court;
Where my appearance often drew,
Envy, and admiration too.
But woe to me! Those days are flown,
I'm now on public bounty thrown,
And all the splendour, I can boast,
Is tarnished finery at the most.
Sometimes to former scenes I hie,
But there, alas!—how scorn'd am I!
Scoff'd, and disown'd, perhaps abus'd,
No helpless thing is so ill used.
From early dawn to setting sun
Will of my own, I must have none;
Compell'd by a superior force,
I still pursue my toilsome course:
Not even the sabbath brings me rest,
With labour I am still oppress'd.
Though most the fair my service need;
To them I prove a friend indeed,
And, whether love or pleasure call,
I readily assist them all.
The lawyer, and the grave divine,
From bus'ness freed, in haste to dine,
Call on me with impatient airs,
And make my will submit to their's.
Sailors and soldiers too can tell
I serve their purpose passing well;
I oftimes aid the sick, and lame,
And e'en the dead my service claim.
To thieves I'm known my aid to lend,
And prove their most convenient friend.
Yet, you will scarce believe it true,
In spite of all the good I do,
Whether I wait on rich or poor;
I'm always driven from the door.
Such usage many would resent,
But 'tis my lot, and I'm content.

The Solution in our next.

Bonaparte *to his* Followers.

Ye poor remains of former splendour hence!
Plead not your duty—'tis a stale pretence;
The mask of Insult, clad in Pity's guise,
While Scorn audacious revels in your eyes,
Begone, I say, nor cringe nor flatter here;
I nothing have to give, nor you to fear;
Your interest binds you not—the only band
I know, to fetter heart, and voice, and hand;
Then mock me not with adulation's tone;
Begone, and leave me to myself alone.

Oh for a desert, whose extremest verge
Were bounded by the hoarse and dashing surge;
Which knows no change, nor stillness, nor repose,
Where never human habitation rose;
But thunders rock, and lightnings rend the air,
And winds loud yelling, consort to Despair!
Oh for a solitude so vast, so deep,
That never voice of man should break the sleep,
Of jealous Caution, which forbids to rave,
Nor would confide its secret to the grave!—
Oh for a world that should be mine alone,—
A world of iron, adamant, or stone;

Which never should sustain the vital breath;
But reign one hideous magazine of death!

I hate the sun, that in derision glows;
I hate the night, its silence and repose;
That Sun, which led me once to power and sway,
Beams in like splendour on my alter'd day;
Nature pursues her wonted course the same,
While I lie couch'd by obloquy and shame;
The night, oft conscious of a dark decree,
Brings rest to others, but no rest to me.

Why did I rise conspicuous o'er the world,
Thus from my hard earn'd station to be hurl'd?
A daring soldier first, the crown I gain'd,
And what my arms achiev'd, my arts maintain'd.
Let Europe then unite to curse my name,
It stands emblazon'd on the rolls of Fame.
Though from no royal lineage did I spring,
I made myself a conqueror and a king!
And what though smother'd curses, deep and low,
Convuls'd my state at each domestic blow;
What though, an iron sceptre in my hand,
I reign'd the scourge, not father, of my land;
Still was I fear'd and watch'd by jealous eyes;
All Europe shook with terror at my rise—
My blood-stain'd footsteps Egypt's sands retain,
And Russian snows oppos'd my course in vain.
What though I fail'd in schemes none other dar'd,
And half my people in the ruin shar'd;
Yet my renown shall future ages fill,
My name unparalleled in history still?
Hated I was, but fear'd as never man
Was fear'd by fellow men since time began.
But ye base minions of my former power,
On whom my lavish hand was wont to shower
The dignities I tore from better men,
Too abject to refuse my bidding then;
Ye who have crouch'd and trembled at my nod,
And watch'd me as a tutelary God,
Where are *ye* fled? Will none my state attend?
'Mongst all my fav'rites have I not one friend,
None to partake my exile, and console
The racking anguish of a wounded soul?
Ah! Friendship is the meed that Virtue gives
To him who for the good of others lives.
I only sought my own—and sought it where,
Guilt hew'd the path, and Rapine laid it bare.
—Oh Bourbon, happier in thine exil'd fate,
Than I, surrounded by imperial state;
For though my golden eagles tower'd on high,
Yet dark Distrust for ever hover'd nigh;
And while the diadem my brows imprest,
The vulture care was gnawing at my breast!

Conscience, art thou immortal? Must thy sting
Beyond the tomb each sentient fibre wring?
Must I for ever bear the rack of Thought?
Can that be true my childish years were taught?
Must Retribution all my crimes attend,
And Heav'n's own vengeance know nor pause nor end?
Shade of D'Enghien! O spare my shudd'ring eyes!
Not now ye murder'd ghosts of Jaffa rise;
Ye bleeding soldiers left on Moskwa's plain
To die untended, and ye vengful train
Of persecuted Frenchmen — spare me now!
Now that beneath the rod of Fate I bow,
Dethron'd, degraded, hated, scorn'd betray'd,
And crush'd beneath the ruins I have made
By my own folly lost;—and worse than all,
Without one pitying voice to mourn my fall.
Oh let me sink to nothing, if I can,
Renounced by God, and trampled on by man!

C. N.

The Maniac.

(*From Mr. Crabbe's Tales.*)

Friends now appear'd, but in the man was seen
The angry Maniac, with vindictive mien;
Too late their pity gave to care and skill
The hurried mind and ever-wandering will;
Unnotic'd pass'd all time, and not a ray
Of reason broke on his benighted way;
But now he spurn'd the straw in pure disdain,
And now laugh'd loudly at the clinking chain.

Then as its wrath subsided, by degrees
The mind sank sloly to infantine ease;
To playful folly, and to causeless joy,
Speech without aim, and without end, employ;
He drew fantastic figures on the wall,
And gave some wild relation of them all;
With brutal shape he join'd the human face,
And idiot smiles approv'd the motly race.

Harmless at length th' unhappy man was found,
The spirit settled, but the reason drown'd;
And all the dreadful tempest died away
To the dull stillness of the misty day.

And now his freedom he attain'd,—if free
The lost to reason, truth, and hope can be;
His friends, or wearied with the charge, or sure
The harmless wretch was now beyond a cure,
Gave him to wander where he pleas'd, and find
His own resources for the eager mind;
The playful children of the place he meets,
Playful with them he rambles through the streets;
In all they need, his stronger arm he lends,
And his lost mind to these approving friends.

That gentle maid, whom once the youth had lov'd,
Is now with mild religious pity mov'd;
Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
Will for a moment fix'd and pensive be;
And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs;
Charm'd by her voice, th' harmonious sounds invade
His clouded mind, and for a time persuade;
Like a pleas'd infant, who has newly caught
From the maternal glance a gleam of thought;
He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear,
And starts, half-conscious, at the falling tear.

Rarely from town, nor then unwatch'd, he goes,
In darker mood, as if to hide his woes;
Returning soon, he with impatience seeks
His youthful friends, and shouts, and sings, and speaks;
Speaks a wild speech with action all as wild—
The children's leader, and himself a child;
He spins their top, or, at their bidding bends
His back, while o'er it leap his laughing friends;
Simple and weak, he acts the boy once more,
And heedless children call him *Silly Shore*.

The CYPRESS WREATH.

By W. SCOTT, *Esq.*

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The May-flow'r and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses bought too dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flow'r she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no weath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree!

Yes, twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and lov'd my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree!

To an Oak Tree.

In the Church-yard of ——, in the Highlands of Scotland, said to mark the grave of Captain Wogan, killed in 1649.

From Waverley,

(attributed to Walter Scott, *Esq.)*

Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou—brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny
Above thy honour'd sod to bloom
The flowerets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May,
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! For mid storms of fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while despair the scene was closing,
Commenc'd thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou fought'st on Albin's hill,
When England's sons the strife resign'd,
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdu'd though unrefin'd.

Thy death's-hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibrock sung.

Yet who, in fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day?

Be thine the tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
And Albyn shadow's Wogan's tomb.

On receiving a Branch *of* Mezereon.

By Mrs. Tighe.

Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And, mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and show'rs.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The pow'rs of life restore;
These eyes, that weep and watch in pain,
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Belov'd friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

But oh, in every mortal pang,
That rends my soul from life,
That soul, which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife,
Even now, with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark,—
Thus mortally opprest?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark
And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy early part,
Thine heavenly being trust:—
Ah, vain attempt! My coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye, who sooth the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer:—
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear,

Whose kindness (though far, far remov'd)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteem'd, belov'd,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh, do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

Jutta.

By M. G. Lewis, *Esq.*

A wolf, while Jutta slept, had made
Her favourite lamb his prize;
Young Caspar flew to give his aid,
Who heard poor Jutta's cries;
He drove the wolf from off the green,
But claim'd a kiss for pay;
Ah Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Caspar stay'd away.

They toy'd till day its light withdrew;
When night invited sleep,
Fond Jutta rose, and bade adieu,
And homeward drove her sheep.
But oh, her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,
For thus they heard her say;
"Ah Jutta, better 'twould have been
Had Caspar stay'd away!"

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